

# Canibus Lyrics

"Lord Cyborg"

Good morning, top of the day  
I oxygenate with coffee and omelette steak  
Then I decarboxylate  
Pull a stocking down over my face  
Tuck that thing in the waist  
Meet you downstairs at the gate  
They say the brown-tailed squirrel  
Is entitled to lessen this world  
I find it hard to respect those words  
Tonic subdominant dominant  
Influence beta vocal and beat moderate  
While still placing my voice on top of it  
(Are you a philosopher?)  
Yes, I think very deeply  
In fact, alkaline hydrolysis exists  
When you come to terms with that  
Your blood will be [?] tapped  
From biosludge in a vat  
And your world will collapse  
Vampires want blood  
And pseudo-scientists want biosludge  
Basic Instructions Before B.I.B.L.E. Club  
The pillars of justice  
Crushed to dust by a nigga with musket  
They handcuffed him 'cause he spit with substance  
Ask around, he ain't nothin' to fuck with  
Or be in love with  
Them handcuffs is like titanium cufflings

Verily, verily I say unto you  
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

Go 'head, claim that baggage  
Delta Strike Force package  
My drones over traffic cause accidents to happen  
You must be reading my mind  
He a one man machine that rhyme  
A baby doberman eating at your spine  
Beginning to feed off your insides  
If I was you I wouldn't think twice  
The main concern is to preserve life  
If I was you? Play nice, bruh, don't be mean  
I cried watching what happened to behind the scenes ?gene?  
299 days later I walked in the bodega  
Wearing gold plated Ray-Ban Aviators  
Rap don't prove you great  
I show you how catastrophe taste

Throw battery acid in your face  
The Lawnmower Man with motorized hands  
My hydraulics crush hydrogen tanks and make a thug dance  
No cap, I called Lord Cyborg on the map  
He ain't no hip hop cop, he got a badge for rap  
308 [\*rrrat\*] unique angle of attack  
That yellow-bellied rat just shot him in the back  
Now you got a malfunctioning backpack  
In zero gravity, how the fuck you gon' get back  
Yo [?] to go collect all his plaques  
I never thought of that  
But I'ma have to go with "no, thanks"  
I got a certified postage letter  
From the globalists on my dresser  
And I ain't gon' never open it  
They want my Infinity check  
I signed an NDA with the Senator  
14 years later we see the release  
Of something suspiciously similar  
They stole my shit  
Look at all them flows I spit  
I'm multidisciplinary, yet nothing could'a prepared me  
For what I experienced in the rap game summarily

Verily, verily I say unto you  
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

Verily, verily I say unto you  
I watched it all happen from the telecom room  
In plain view I saw Metatron under a full moon  
With the Sephiroth in his crew eating energon cubes  
The Lord Cyborg's blackball is atrocious  
The interview with Joe Rogan got zero promotion  
Dr. Malone had him open  
I was in the background coachin' him  
Dewey Cooper the Black Kobra and TJ was chokin' him  
Had him tappin' out all over the linoleum  
Then Don Corleone got Covid again  
Every day occurrences like this  
Are circumstantial adverses  
That get perverted into a burden  
Holographic indigenous camouflage projection  
A weapon system we generally use for our protection  
Poetry marginal margin, now that's what I'm talkin'  
If I'm flyin' in a Black Hawk, that's what I'm squawkin'  
100,000 bars and runnin', keep marchin'  
I don't answer the phone, I don't care who callin'  
The bad boy a good talk  
Kamayamaya him a boss  
That's him layin' in the Himalayan salt  
Blessed the man with heart  
Where beautiful things are  
Barefoot before God prayin' in the park

Lamb shish kebab, wolf gang, murder mouth in a synagogue  
50 bars, Cappadonna - Winter Warz  
Master Builder Bus, the group I'm a member of  
We came to free the hip hop prisoners  
And lift your spirit up  
3rd eye live it up  
The microphone is a good listener

Verily, verily I say unto you  
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

I massage my mustache with Lemon & Bergamot from a glass  
A thick fog develops from hot gas  
My Jamaican grandma gon' whoop your ass  
'Cause you ate the last dumpling out the pot, dumbass  
Verily, verily I say unto you  
Microphone check 2, 0, 2, 2